I pray you tell my Lord and father Madam,
I will not marrie yet, and when I doe, I sweare
It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris*, these are newes indeede.
M. Here comes your father, tell him so your selfe:
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet *and* Nurse.

Ca. When the Sun sets, the earth doth drisle deaw,
But for the Sunset of my brothers sonne,
It raines downright. How now a Conduit girle, what still in (teares
Euermore showring in one little body?
Thou counterfaits. A Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Doe ebbe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is:
Sayling in this salt flood, the windes thy sighes,
Who raging with thy tearesand they with them,
Without a sudden calme will ouer set
Thy tempest tosled body. How now wife,
Haue you deliuered to her our decree?
La. I sir, but she will none, she giues you thankes,
I would the foole were married to her graue.
Ca. Soft take me with you, take me with you wife,
How will shee none? doth she not giue vs thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Vnworthy as she is, that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bridegroome?
Iu. Not proud you haue, but thankfull that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant loue.
Ca. How now, how now, chopt logick, what is this?
Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud Mistrisse minion you?
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine Ioints gainst Thursday next,
To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out you greene sickneſſe carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.
La. Fie, fie, what are you mad?
Iu. Good Father, I beseech you on my knees,
Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.
Fa. Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face.
Speake not, replie not, do not answere me.
My fingers itch, wife, we scarce thought vs blest,
That God had lent vs but this onely child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we haue a curse in hauing her:
Out on her hilding.
Nur. God in heauen blesse her:
You are too blame my Lord to rate her so.
Fa. And why my Lady wisdom, hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, smatter with your gossips, go.
Nur. I speake no treason,
Father, O Godigeden,
May not one speake?
Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your gramitie ore a Gossips bowle,
For here we need it not.
Wi. You are too hot.
Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad,
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone in companie, still my care hath bin
To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided
A Gentleman of noble parentage,
Of faire demeanes, youthfull and nobly allied,
Stuft as they say with honourable parts,
Proportioned as ones thought would wish a man,
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,
A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,
To answere, ile not wed, I cannot loue:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22324) LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.26) Octavo